

Continued from Sixth Page.
comedians: Diamond and Brennan in "Nitynonsense," Una Clayton, Howard's animal novelty, Edwin George, Ray Dooly, Emer Graham and Gordon...

An unusually diverting programme will be seen at the Orpheum Theatre, Brooklyn, this week when Eva Tanguay will headline the bill in her...

The Taxi Girls are to be at the Star Theatre this week as a feature attraction. In the company for the burlesque performance will be Lynn...

GOWNS BY THOUSANDS. They Are in Possession of the Hippodrome's Wardrobe.

Since the form of diversified entertainment now in vogue at the New York Hippodrome went into effect seven weeks ago the large company of gowns which is now a permanent part of the organization there has appeared in seven striking sets of costumes, all representative of varied periods and countries...

All of these costumes have been taken from the Hippodrome wardrobe, which, it can be safely asserted, the most extensive and varied single collection of costumes in existence in this country or for that matter anywhere in the world.

HE PLAYED FOOTBALL 73 YEARS AGO

A STURDY, broad shouldered man with masses of white hair and a white beard encircling his rugged face, arose from his chair at the speaker's table and addressed forty or fifty other men, much younger, who were seated at additional tables in the banquet room of a club in Forty-fourth street, just west of Fifth avenue.

"Gentlemen," he said in resonant tones, "seventy-three years ago I played on the football team of Haverford College. I believe in football as properly played. I believe in providing an adequate field for the boys of our village school. Therefore I take steps to provide such field, including sufficient playground space for the girls also."

The speaker sat down amid cheers of approval from his fellow members of the University Club of Pleasantville, Westchester county, who had come to New York for their annual dinner.

This man who was playing football on a college team four years before the outbreak of the Mexican war is Robert B. Howland, Quaker, cosmopolitan philosopher, mystic—who has just celebrated the opening of his nineteenth year and the completion of a historical work in two large volumes upon which he has been engaged since his seventieth birthday anniversary. This book had been under consideration for a long time before then; and when Mr. Howland was travelling in Europe with his lifelong friend, Andrew D. White, back in 1876-78, he definitely determined to prepare it. Fifteen years later, in 1893, he commenced writing the first volume. This is now ready for publication, as is the second.

The day on which Mr. Howland arrived at the age of 90 he arose, as usual, shortly after 6 o'clock; bathed as usual, with cold water having in the bowl a slice of lemon; and after a vigorous rubdown poked up light dumbbells for his accustomed exercise—he doesn't propose to let muscles become flabby or joints stiffened, if he can help it.

Following a substantial breakfast he went to the village post office for his mail, then listened to a reading of the more important news from New York papers; walked to the railroad station and took a train from his home in Pleasantville to Haverford, where intimate friends were giving a dinner in his honor. Before dusk he returned to his home, more convinced than ever that this is the best of all possible worlds and that it is mainly populated by men and women and children whose friendship is to be prized far beyond rubies.

Mr. Howland is still hoping that he yet will be enabled to visit China for the purpose of meeting some of the eminent scholars of that young republic, and of discussing with them certain aspects of the wonderful civilization in which he has been intensely interested during the past six or seven decades. According to those who know him well he is an incurable optimist.

Mr. Howland attributes his long life and continued strength to the fact that he has endeavored to "conform to the laws of God for the guidance of human beings." He believes in the teachings of conscience, the "Inner Light," as it is termed by Quakers.

Mr. Howland keeps alive the intellectual process of the world, inasmuch as in the open air, sleeps soundly and eats whatever he likes. In speaking of the matter of diet a few days ago he said:

in a large warehouse on West Forty-seventh street. Each costume is hung on a separate hanger. They are arranged according to period and color. The last inventory taken, following the close of the most recent spectacle, "The Wars of the World," shows that there are in this warehouse 48,268 separate costumes. There have been on an average 5,000 costumes for each of the spectacles produced, the number of changes for the entire company of upward of 500 ranging from ten to twelve.

Every period of human history is represented in this collection. There may be found the aboriginal trappings of the first known savages to inhabit the two Americas, the gaudy finery of the early Persians, the richly embroidered robes of Chinese mandarins, the slashed leather jerkins of Cromwellian soldiers, the tunics and togas of Roman citizens, the glittering armor of crusading knights, the quaint dresses of Dalmatian wine growers, the satin robes of the court-

A NEW STAR OF THE SCREEN

Alma Hanlon, who comes of a family identified with the theatre for nine generations, has been engaged as the leading actress of the Pathe Freres Motion Pictures Company. Although she comes of a family so long associated with the stage, Alma Hanlon, who is in private life the wife of Walter Kinsley of the United Booking Office, is the first of its members to appear in the camera plays.

Miss Hanlon, who is, as her picture shows, uncommonly prepossessing, refused many offers in the past to go on the stage. She is the daughter of George Hanlon, who came to this country, although they appeared in "Superba" and other pantomimes.



Alma Hanlon, latest of a famous stage family to enter the profession.

HE PLAYED FOOTBALL 73 YEARS AGO (Continued)

ance companies are calling serious attention to the greatly increased mortality of men between the ages of forty-five and sixty; when Dr. Hays, Commissioner of the State Board of Health, is using every effort to arouse the public to a realization of what is believed to be a situation of grave importance, the life story of a man who is hale, hearty, active and strong in his ninetieth year possesses more than usual interest, especially for that large number of ordinary workers who already feel the pressure of affairs.

Robert B. Howland was born in New Bedford, Mass., son of George Howland, a member of the Society of Friends, who amassed a competency as owner of ships carrying cargo to Europe, and acquired far more than a competency when he became owner of whaling ships. At one time eight of his whalers were engaged in the Pacific, where a ninth was sunk by a whale. Five of the fleet formerly had been Liverpool packets owned by Stephen Girard of Philadelphia, from whom George Howland purchased them about 1829. In addition to being a shipowner, George Howland for many years was president of a bank in New Bedford.

When little "Bob" Howland was 12 he went from New Bedford to Haverford, Pa., in order to spend one year in a school preparatory to Haverford College. He entered college at the age of 13, his fellow members of the freshman class ranging from that age up to 17. When he entered Haverford, in the autumn of 1839, the student body numbered some seventy boys and young men.

"The four years spent at Haverford were very interesting," he said recently, when asked to give an outline of his life. "The studies we pursued included mathematics, to integral and differential calculus; literature, principally English and American authors; Latin, Greek, chemistry, and what then was called natural philosophy."

"The sum of \$250 a year at that time paid for tuition, room rent, table and laundry charges. Far less than \$100 additional sufficed for clothing, amusements, books and incidental expenses of every kind. Thus a student could attend Haverford College at that time, availing himself of every advantage and every justifiable expenditure at a cost not to exceed \$300 per annum."

"It should be remembered, furthermore, that in those days Haverford College sessions commenced early in October and continued until the 1st of September in the year following, with very few holidays in between, although there was a vacation recess in April."

"We played the good old English game of cricket," Mr. Howland added, while recalling the days of his youth, "and shilly (shinny), as well as baseball and football. In games of football we kicked the ball, but were not permitted to run with it, or indulge in mass plays or like struggles."

"For several months," Mr. Howland said in referring to this feature, "I had been preparing, like my fellow classmates, for this ordeal, working long hours to review the many subjects taken during the four years. College students of today may, perhaps, gain some idea of what an ordeal that examination was when they learn that it consisted of a searching inquiry on the part of the examiners as to the contents of all the text books we had used since coming to Haver-

ford. These numbered, in my case, some fifty volumes.

"The strain of preparing for this examination and the examination itself nearly killed me, and for a year following I was unable to do much poor health that my father finally decided to send me abroad. Arrangements were made for the voyage, and on December 10, 1844, I sailed from New York in a clipper ship bound for Havre. There were about a dozen passengers on board, among them my eldest brother, another being the father of Samuel Parsons, the well known landscape architect of today.

When we reached the Solly Islands we found there a fleet of 2500 vessels waiting for a chance to get on the English Channel. Owing to long continued head winds some of them had been there forty days.

"Finally, after being out from New York twenty days, those on our clipper landed at Havre. At the end of a year I came home much improved in health and went to farming on the shore of Cayuga Lake, here in New York state. There I remained from 1845 until 1856, and to this outdoor occupation I during early manhood I owe very largely the foundation of my health and strength. My father died in 1852, leaving what was then considered a considerable fortune."

With his mother and an aunt Mr. Howland went abroad the second time in 1858, but came home in less than a year to Cayuga Lake, and in 1863 founded the Howland Institute, one of the earliest efforts in the United States for aiding women to obtain the higher education. For fifteen years Mr. Howland was in charge of the institute with unflinching enthusiasm. Students who could pay their expenses, in whole or in part, were expected to do so; but it is said that a young woman really longing for a student's opportunity was ever turned away from the Howland Institute. And no expense was considered too great if it were of importance to the undergraduates.

In 1876 he found it necessary to leave another rest from incessant toil, and he went abroad for the third time, residing until 1878, principally in Paris, although he made many side trips here and there. One of his fellow travellers at this time was Andrew D. White, with whom he journeyed in Switzerland, and the two saw much of each other in Paris.

When Mr. Howland returned to the United States in 1878 he resided for a time at Cayuga, and then removed to Niagara county, where he once more took up the life of a farmer—this in 1881, when he was sixty-five years old. He continued the familiar occupation until 1902, when, at the age of seventy-six, he removed to Pleasantville, Westchester county, with his wife, who did not live long afterward. Meanwhile, in 1899, he had commenced translating the Histoire de Debonnet de Pressensac's work "The History of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Church," originally published in five octavo volumes of 750 pages each.

"It's a great and glorious world," Mr. Howland declared on the day he entered his ninetieth year. "It is growing better every day, and the people in it are more kindly, more sympathetic, more generous than ever before. It's difficult to believe that even China can have a higher civilization than ours, but some day I'm going over there to find out if that's so."

"What of the European war, as a commentary on civilization?" he was asked.

"The Lord must think those nations are very silly," he replied, "to need such an amount of blood letting."

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